SAVONAROJA.

THE LIFE OF A GREAT REFORMER.

By Professor Pasquals Villari. Translated by Linds. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two volumes. Sve, pp. lxv. 349: 440. Scribber & Welford.

It is surprising that Villari's "Life of Savonarola" should have remained untranslated for te than twenty years, for not only is it the correct and thorough history of the man and his period extant, but the subject is of interest and importance, rendering all new light ne and valuable. Savenarola, moreover has suffered more than most historical figures from the defamation of misrepresentation, so that even modern writers have cost upon him ring suspicion of charlatanism or the tous stigms of childish superstition and credulity. Signor Villari was the first to clear sway the accretions of error and malice which for so long a period obscured this remarkable coreer, and to present him as he really was, a ad, indeed, of singular complexity, but that, the noblest and purest personality of and the most shining hope of the base his age, and the most snining hope of the

The Italy of Savonarola's time-the Italy of the fifteenth century-was planged in corruption, sunnely and despotism. The Church was at the lowest point of degradation. The Papacy was in the hands of the Borgias. One Pontiff worse than another had for years been endowed with the triple orown by a College of Cardinals whose votes were almost openly put up for sale. digacy of Alexander the Sixth surpassed that of his immediate predecessors. Every crime on the calendar was committed by the Pope and his ruffian sons. Assassination was the ordinary method of removing rivals and enemies, and when steel failed poison was freely resorted to. Modern critics have sought to rehabilitate Lucrezia Bergia, with doubtful success, but if Fame has exaggerated her evil deeds, there is no room for doubt as to the evil deeds which were committed because of her. The immorality and debauchery of the Roman Court scandalized the conscientions and stimulated the sensual to imitation. Simony, nepotism, venality, where the most venish of the sins practised in high places. In Florence the rule of the Medici had culminated in the estentatious career of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The liberties of the Florentines had been destroyed, but they were expected to console themselves with contemplation of a Court which fostered letters and arts, and which encouraged trade by maintaining a profuse luxury. It was upon such a stage that the young Savonarola entered in the modest vesture of a Dominican monk.

From childhood he had been unlike other children. It is said that in early youth he displayed a mystical bent; that he saw visions, and held himself aloof from other boys, and was given to long broodings and meditations. He was meant for the profession of medicine, but a presching friar dropped a word into his heart one day which determined his vocation. Thenceforth the Church alone would satisfy him, and after giving a year to reflection, his resolve was taken, and, availing himself of the temporary:absence of his parents, he fied to and was received in the cloister. After a time be was sent to Florence, where he entered the Brotherhood of St. Marks, and where his true There was nothing congenial to him in the existing state of the Church. He found the pulpits of Florence occupied by elerical triflers aimed to please the prevaiting dillettante taste for classical erudition; who modelled their discourse upon Priscian and stuffed it full of Greek quetations. Plato and Aristotle divided the attention and devotion of laymen and clerics. holars sought new manuscripts. Virtuosos collected gems. The Florentine society was that so rividly reproduced by George Eliot in the pages of " Romola," in short.

George Ehot, however, with all her genius, pever comprehended Savonarola, and has done him far less than justice in her powerful romance. How, indeed, was it possible for her, with her Positivist materialism, to understand a character which, more perhaps than any other in history. blended the spiritual with the material? Savonarola, as shown forth by Villari, appears a man born out of due time; a Hebrew Prophet of the Exile set down amid the corrupt, frivolous, sensual, fickle Florentines of the fifteenth century. From the first the reader is impelled to ask himself whence the monk derived the abhorr and ever-increasing energy of protest, warning and denunciation. To the sceptic, indeed, this phenomenon is inexplicable, for heredity will not Secount for it, nor education, nor the influence of the environment. In nothing is Savonarola more remarkable than in his entire alieuntion from the spirit of his time, in fact. This may be said of all great reformers, it is true, but to say it of others does not lessen the difficulty of accounting for it on purely materialist lines. A still more perplexing subject is that of the prophecies of the monk of St. Marks. Villari himself evidently loes not know how to deal with this question. The facts pazzle him. Most biographers of Savonarola have either belonged to the class which accopts without hysitation all that is escribed to saints and holy persons, or to the class which rejects whatever savors of the supernatural as uncorthy even of serious consideration. Signor Villari, however, is a conscientious historian, and he finds himself confronted by incontrovertible evidence, not only that Savonarola uttered prophecies, but that in a number of specific instances those prophecies received fulfilments. Such was the opinion of his contemporaries. Such was the concession of advanced thinkers and thorough

scepties like Machiavelli. It is evident that this fulfilment of prophecy is an element of great perplexity. Nothing is cosier than to treat an alleged prophet as a vislonary; but when what is prophesied really comes to pass, the case is altered, and it becomes neces sary to find another solution of the phenomena. The best Professor Villari can do is to suggest, with a vagueness suitable to so obscure a subot, that when the monk found himself in the pulpit his mind became so excited, exalted, and, as it were, expanded, that he unconsciously projected himself into the future, and saw as actual existences things which were yet unaccomplished. If this interpretation satisfies any one, well and good. To our thinking it leaves the question just where it was. But it does not leave the character of Savonarola where his earlier biographers placed it, for its exhibits in him something which, whether 16 can be understood or not, is certainly not to be designated as Charlatanism. Of course, there is a kind of prophecy the fulfilment of which proves nothing. He who denounces a corrupt, tyrannous. fligate, extravagant ruler or government, and erete Us misfortune at no distant date, in general erms, is not a prophet, but is merely drawing an aference, and reasoning from universal experione of Savonarola's prophecy falls under this head, and may be dismissed as of no special see. In other cases he made precis vaticinations; specifying persons and kingdoms and the kind of disasters which were to come upon them; and when these were fulfilled even much less superstitious and credulous age must have attached peculiar importance to such utserances. The monk himself, however, seems never to have felt certain as to the nature of his gift, and he was liable to mif-delusion, as his es to accept the ravings of an epileptic for divine revelations conclusively shows. He was always very much of a mystic. That must be connently borne in mind, and especially when con-idering the other side of his character. For that differentiates Savonarola from nearly all other remerkable men named in history is the st equal development in him of the practical

he was no less emphatically a statesman and Swedenborg alone came at all near him in this edenborg was one of the most dismen of science of his day, before he me a seer and founder of a church, and there

the spiritual. He was a prophet and a seer

is no trace of mysticism is his voluminous scientific works. Savonarola was an author also, and one of his most celebrated books is a singularly practical and wholly rational attempt to establish the unity of religion and reason upon a natural foundation. But it is in the science of government, in practical politics-than which no sphere of action or thought can appear more alien to his religious tendencies-that he achieved the most astonishing successes, and that he displayed the most profound intelligence and apprehension of statecraft; and some of his ideas and principles have proved so sound that their application has persisted almost to the present day. When the Medici had been banished, and Florence was seeking in vain a practicable form of government, Savonarola was the only man capable of solving the problem, and the system then conceived by him was adopted and worked successfully, all its weaknesses being due to modifications which he had not proposed or sanctioned. For nearly eight years the Republic may indeed be said to have depended upon him. He saved it from Charles the Eighth. He foiled the plots of Piero de Medici. He reformed public morals, at least so far as outward observances were concerned.

Professor Villari has fully exposed the injustice of the charges brought against the monk in connection with the burning of " the Vanities." It was the tradition that Savonarola instituted a crusade against all works of art, and that he destroyed precious manuscripts, paintings, sculptures, etc. But Villari shows that the " Vanities" destroyed were really but fashionable fripperies and indecent pictures and books, and that the monk was, in fact, a lover of Art, the friend of the first artists of his day, and the propounder of art theories by no means wanting in breadth and appreciation. Here, as elsowhere, it was evil alone that excited his indignation, and that he pursued, and it was this uncompromising hostility to the prevalent view that caused his downfall by centring upon him the hatred and enmity of all that was vile and depraved in the period. His long struggle with Alexander the Sixth was in no sense a religious or theological quarrel. Savonarola was a loyal son of the Church from beginning to end, and his enemies failed signally to fasten upon him the least When driven to taint of heresy or false doctrine. election of Alexander on the ground of simony. He was, however, within his rights here, and the charge brought against the Pontiff was so notoriously true that, had it been possible to assemble an honest council, his deposition must have been voted.

Another question cleared up by Professor Villari is that of the ordeal by fire. Savonarola had nothing to do with the conception or the attempt to carry out that idea, which was wholly due to the enmity of the Franciscaus and the Signary, and the fanatical enthusiasm of Fra Domenico, who firmly believed that a miracle would be vouchsafed to vindicate his beloved master. When that episode occurred, however, Savonarola was already doomed. His enemies were in possession of the government of Florence, he had been excommunicated by the Pope, his friends had been silenced or had deserted him, and the feeble, treacherous populace had turned against him. Perhaps the greatest service Professor Villari has done his memory is in demonstrating the falsity of the accounts of his trial which, until this history was printed, were accepted by all his biographers. The historic truth, here presented, shows that his enemies proceeded against him with all the fury and license that intense hatred, unbounded illegality, deliberate forgery and systematic misrepresentation could engender and stimulate. But though torture was unsparingly employed upon his delicate and feeble body, though every sentence uttered by him in reply to the interrogatory was carefully garbled and altered to suit the purpose of his persecutors, though all the power and opportunity were in their ruthless hands, they utterly failed, in three repurate trials, to make him appear guilty, or even to disturb the impression of his innocence which their own fraudulently prepared reports produced upon all who read them

His condemnation and execution were really no more than impudent assumptions of legality covering one of the most atrocious crimes recorded in history. In reading Villari's narrative of the foul proceedings one is reminded of what Professor Huxley observed in a recent coper. "I know," he says, " of no study so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity at it is set forth in the annals of history." Man, observes the Provice and evil which drove him into righteous wrath fessor, having emerged from the brute state and attained " a certain degree of physical comfort, and developed a more or less workable theory of life," remains long in that condition and " struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed and mivery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing or otherwise persecuting all those who try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step foolishly confers post-mortem deification upon his victims." This is what happened in the case of Savonarols. He wanted his fellows to move on. He showed them a better way than that which they were pursuing. He rebuked the crying iniquities of the age. He recalled men to the true worship of the living God. For this, and for the service he did to the cause of liberty, he was done to death with every circumstance of brutal ferocity and the people he had served so well mobbed the scaffold upon which he was slaughtered, howled in derision as he and his companions yielded their lives, and pelted his corpse with stones.

Professor Villari expatiates upon the extent of the service which Savonarola's martyrdom proved to the cause of human freedom and to reform throughout Europe, and his reflections are just But what a commentary upon human nature and intelligence is the fact that tragedies to frightful. sacrifices so great, should be necessary at every epoch to create the reaction out of which progress and enlightenment proceed.

MR. PINERO IN HES DEM.

MR. PINERO IN MAS DES.

MR. PINERO IN MAS DES.

Arthur Pinero, resolutely declines to dignify the "tunnel" to which he conducts you a few minutes later by giving is the title of study. The window at one extremity overlooks the gravelled court, while the other end terminates in a tiny grotto-conservatory filled with ferns and grapevines. Sitting at the deak on which he sketched the first outlines of "Sweet Lavender," "The Weaker Sex" and "The Profilgate" the befulshed at the Granville at Ramsgate, the Royal Crescent at Brighton, or amid the rustics of Rotsing-dean, as the case may bet, you can scarcely be impressed with the appearance of the man who has laught us that adaptations from the French were after all, a mistake, and that original English plays were something more than a possibility. The shape of his face and the clear olive hue of his complexion, together with his finely-cut features, bright black eyes, and prominent eyebrows, betchen clearly enough the southern origin of his ancestors, just as the hoterogeneous contents of the "unner!" afford abundant proof of the energy with which he follows his calling as a dramatist. The novels in the case behind him are all useful for reference: the cast earlier from "The Entr'acte" and the views from "The Sporting and Dramatic News" fixed to the wall relate for the From The London World. are all useful for reference; the cantes does not make the furtification and the views from "The Sporting and Dramatic News" fixed to the wall relate for the most part to his own productions; and every new idea, uame, title, or serviceable newspaper cutting which he comes across is promptly entered in a great folto labelled "Every Day."

FREDERICK VON BODENSTEDT.

From The London Globe.

The celebration of the seventisth birthday of Frederick von Bodenstedt, the most famous of living poets in Germany, has assumed world-wide proportions. His pecuniary means in this, the evening of his life, have proved to be unequal to his fame, and an appeal has been made to Germans, throughout not only the Fatherland, but the entire world as well, to only the Fatherland, but the entire world as well, to only the Fatherland, but the entire world as well, to only the Fatherland, but the entire world as well, to only the Fatherland, but the cutter world as well, to only the Fatherland, but the cutter world as well, to only the Fatherland, but the only the present him with such a sum of money as well place bit in beyond all monetary anxiety and surround him with all possible comforts for the remainder of his days. To this end there has been one fund in London, another in Manchester, a third in New-York and others elsewhere, so that all together it is expected a substantial sum will have been raised. Bodenstedt's place in literature has long been defined. His reputation prevails wherever the German tongue is spoken, but it rests on one book. He was a writer of lyries, Hierary history, translations, plays, epicand stories, yet it is as the author of "The Songs of Mirra-Schafty" that he is really known among men. That one book, small though it be in size, will nevertheless be sufficient to make the name of Bodenstedt a household word among German, generations after everything else he wrote has been forgotten. The fact that in the thirty-cisth years which have elapsed since it was first published it has passed through no fewer than 130 editions is alone sofficient to show that "Die Lieder des Mirra-Schafty" must be a noteworthy book, and its author a man in whose history English peccers, as well as Germans, may take an interest. PHEDERICK VON BODENSTEDT.

BERNHARDT'S NEW ROLE.

MADAME SARAH AS LENA-A TRIUMPH OF ART AND DRESS-MAKING.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.) Paris, April 25.
Serah Bernhardt as Lena hopes to make a stir in the United States. She has carefully read all the criticisms on Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Bernard Beere in that character; not, however, for the purpose of taking them as examples to be imitated, but as ones to be avoided. She was careful to be as Sarah Bernhardtish as possible in her manner of dressing, and in her rendering of the part from beginning to end. Lena is in disposition a twin sister of Sarah. She knows nothing of true love, and never will come to the knowledge of it; but a passion really springs up in her heart for Ramsay, who, by the by, strikes the French as a nincompoop, evolved out of the brain of the author, Mr. Philips, the son of a clergyman, and, of course, brought up to respect every conventional standard of English society. Mme. Bernhardt, in a talk with which she favored me, said that she was determined to be herself only in the character of Lena. She lost, she thinks, a good deal of time in studying the famous coquettes and adventuresses of English literature. Naturally she began with Shakespeare's Cleopatra. If that queen was a Greco-Egyptian in name, Sarah thinks that in nature she was an English lady of the sixteenth century, and not a model for the nineteenth century type. If not always lively, Cleopatra is very much alive. and Bernhardt loves soft, languishing effects, calculated to full the senses. The one scene from which she thought a hint might be taken for the treatment of a naughty English beauty, fated to die an unnatural death, is the one in which the asp is brought in to bite. The poison that lay under that serpent's tooth enabled Cleopatra to sink with a soft, pathetic grace into the tomb. Another famous coquette of English literature

was Beatrice Esmond, and the famous actress studied her. "What do you think of her?" I asked.

"That she is not interesting," was the reply "She is a diabolical manslaughterer, and slays for the fun of the thing. In trying to inspire passion bay, he sought to call a council to set aside the she is herself as cold as ice. Beatrice Esmond even depends for her charm on the descriptions the author gives of her and on the glamor of his style. She is when young unamiable, designing, naughty, and has not one redeeming character istic. On the stage she would be as odious as she becomes when she is brought forward in her old age as the cardplaying Baroness Bernstein. There's no soft spot in her heart which passion might enlarge. If there is a dramatic rule that holds good in all cases, it is that no character must be so thoroughly had as to dehar it from a verdict by the audience of extenuating circumstances in regard to its guilty actions,"

" And Iago?" I asked. "Well, I have not studied him well. But I think that there was in his case retrospective jenlousy. The Moor and Emilia once upon a time were on rather intimate terms, and Iago was one of those Italians who like 'to eat their vengeance The mischlef he made between Othello and cold. Desdemona was a vendetta. Ingo was a complex being. It may be that, while jealous of bygone affairs, he was angry with Desdemona for having ruined the doubtless profitable supremacy of Emilia over Othello. However, Iago is wide of my mark, and Shakespeare does not come within the range of the common law

You know " As in a Looking Glass," of which "Lena" is too close a translation to suit French taste. Mme. Bernhardt took a judicious course in slurring somewhat the incidents of the first two acts, so far as she was brought into them. She thus kept improbability somewhat out of sight, and expeciation on tiptoe. What she laid herself out to do was to be a matchless figure in a series "tableau vivants." The dresses helped her in this. Oscar Wilde would have given them his approval, so well did they lend themselves to the panther-like motions of the actress. There is a good deal of the snake in the feline. I was sllowed to study the dresses as they were being draped on block figures, and thought the art of French women wonderful when they were engaged in the work of composing the different toilets, each of which was really in itself a iploture. The compositions were achieved by jaded, meanly clad work-women. There were three, so far as I could see, engaged in each dress, and none of them quarrelled of they all had ideas to suggest. They had the play to read, and were taken to the theatre to see the rehearsals. Surah said to them that she wished to be very much berself, and still wanted quite new dresses in regard to style materials and arrangement. They ought to suit her and the character of Lena; they must be very flexible, very rich, very odd, and not a bit a coricature, though striking as they could be What was more, the great actress wanted to be extremely modern, and still to have more than a touch of antiquity in the folds of the draperies She is becoming stout, and she wanted to give the illusion of her old slenderness. It may astonish mony fair readers to hear that all her requirements were satisfied. The slaves of the needle and scissors worked wonders. Madame Laterriere, the dressmaker who employs them, gets all the credit. A wealth of rich materials was thrown aside after the first and the second tryings or of the dresses. Samh is the most fastidious creature alive in respect to her toilets. The four dresses that, two days before she was to appear in them, it was finally agreed to give her. were only finished just as she was going on the Each was brought into her dressing-room at the theatre from Mme. Laferriere's work-rooms and between the acts.

To recur to Mme. Sarah's personation of Lena She looked in the first and second acts as if tired of vice and vicious associates. She was very evil, and her inner being was ill at case in consequence and fell into a state of moral atrophy. The reaction began at Monte Carlo after she had broken the bank. Generally speaking, women and children give the examples of virtue and mocence that redeem the world. This time the redeemer, through the transparent honor and goodness of his disposition, is Lord Ramsay, a Scotch nobleman Lena falls more in love with his virtues than with himself. They are to her a delicious and refresh ng novelty. Under their influence she become transformed-though I am afraid not from a pulpit point of view converted.

Perhaps there is too much whimsicality in Lena's suddenly awakened love of virtue. However, is is for the nonce sincere, and this in a degree takes from the absurdity of the noble Scot making the adventuress-the companion and, indeed, the " pal" of card-sharpers, detectives, and other kinds of knaves-Lady Ramsay. He, of course, knows nothing of her dishonorable past. When it is revealed to him by one of her old chums, a Russo Polish detective who wants to blackmail Lens she becomes powerfully dramatic. Ramsay treats the denouncer as a vile knave so long as they are face to face, and stands by his wife. But when he and she are alone his tone suddenly changes and he says in a dry, barsh tone: "That fellow has told the truth." Up to this point the action dragged and was obscure. Henceforth, thanks to Sarah, it takes hold of the audience and does not let its interest flag a moment. She throws herself in the most touching manner at Ramsay's feet. Her confession is heartrending. The ardor of her prayers and her profound humility drown the eyes of French spectators with tenrs. But her eloquence moves not the Scotch lord, and one hardly wonders, inasmuch as she has proved herself such a hussy and wretch, that she may be, and probably is, play-acting. Is there a place for repentance in such a heart as hers? I am afraid But desperation does really take hold of not. it. Lena enjoys her new position, and her wealth, and the heart's soft spot has been enlarging. But one feels still that she is much less the penitent and saved Magdalen than the Dame aux Camelias. She certainly is sincere in her love

for Ramsay, but it is an amosous whim that has ART NEWS AND COMMENTS. taken possession of a woman whose nerves have lost their balance. She has been wanting utterly to ensiave him, and to seem in his eyes worthy in all respects of his love. In trying to captivate him, she was, as we have seen, led captive.

The splendid eastle and all that therein is are as trash without his devotion and esteem. Is she to quit it and face atresh the vile, wicked world, so sold, so harsh? She shudders at the snowy landscape on which she looks through a window. To die is the sole resource. But she window. To die is the sole resource. But has not at first the courage to kill herself occurs to her to give herself her quietus va poignard stab. On feeling the blade of danger which descent which d a poignard stab. On feeling the distance of a dagger, which figures as an "objet d'ort" on a cabinet, she shrinks back. She then remembers that she keeps in a drawer a bottle of chloral as a remedy for neuralgic headaches. The whole contents of the phial swallowed in a draught would cause almost immediate, and certainly painless death. "Vspour le chloral." She rushes to the drawer, takes from it the liquid, pours it would cause almost immediate, and certainly painless death. "Vapour le chloral." She rushes to the drawer, takes from it the liquid, pours it into a glass, drinks, walks across the drawing-room, feels the poison affect her, and seats herself on a sofa, looking about drzed. Then she rises and walks quickly to the mantelpiece, whence she takes a photograph of Ramsay. In returning to the sofa, when her fingers stiffen, her head is through back and the photograph, falling from her hands, is broken. There is a knock at the door, which, not to be disturbed in her paroxysm of despair, she has bolted inside. Who is it? The voice is Lord Ramsay's, which calls to her to open. Fearing the consequences of his harshness he has come back, and in calling on her the open he assures her that he forgives her. Then the dying woman stretches out her arms toward him whose love for her has led him to pardon and to forget all social prejudices that

her. Then the dying women to her has led him to narion and to forget all social prejudices that might stand between him and her.

The action of Sarah Bernhardt is full of pathos. She is infinitely happy and infinitely miserable. The cup of joy is dashed from her. Impossible for her to reply or open. She is in the bonds of death. Still she makes another effort, the arms remaining outstretched, to advance to the door, and falls down lifeless. This pantomimic part is the best thing she does in the character of Lena. During the three or four minutes in which it goes forward, Sarah absolutely holds the audience. She would hear of no exeruciating pains, and refused to seem to die from an irritant poison. It one would near of no exoruciating pains, and re-fused to seem to die from an irritant poison. It is her present ambition to crush Mrs. Langery and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, and to owe them nothing. There must be only one Lena on the stage—the Lena that Sarah Bernhardt oreates.

BALLADS OF THE PAVE.

WILLIAM AND ROSINA.

In Houston street there dwells a youth, As many youths there be, In this old thoroughfare so famed For men of all degree.

This youth the name of Bagshot bath, Prefixed by that of Bill .-He drives a two-wheeled butcher-ears With com-mend-s-ble skill.

A pretty youth is William B., As friends have often said,-His eye a soft and melting blue, His hair a cheerful red.

Now William long bath loved a mal 1, Rosina Wiggs by name, Who dwells on Harlem's classic ground,-Bill often seeks the same.

Rosina is a handsome girl-The fairest of the fair, Her eye a gentle hazel is-But likewise red her hair.

Rosina once encouraged Bill, Of late she's been more cold, But William still hath failed to see That he hath lost his hold.

Still William journeyed to her home And s night her love to waken,-This William Bagahot could not see That he'd been firmly shaken.

But even William did at last See what she was about, I'll now right speedily to you Show how it all fell out.

Last Sunday night he sought her home, Again his heart to bring, He paused beneath her window-pane And thus was heard to sing:

WILLIAM BAGSHOT'S SONG. WILLIAM BAGSHOT'S SONG.
Listen, have list to me,
The moon hangs low if the West,
Its sliver borns i still can see,
But soon twill sink to rest.
Listen, love.-Resina, listen,
The goat has quit the rock;
Listen, dearest, dearest, listen,
It's almost twelve o'dock,
It's almost twelve o'dock, love,
It's almost twelve o'dock, love,
It's almost twelve o'dock, love,
The goat has quit the rock, love,
The goat has quit the rock.
Open thy littlee, aweet,
There are no blasts to fear,
Lean from thy casement, love,
Give me one word of cheer!
Chinkity, plank, plank, plank,

(Plinkity, plank, plank, plank, plink; Plinkity, plank, plank, plink; Plank, plank, plank,

Listen, love, list to me.

The moon sinks low, the goar is fied,
The moon and goal care not for thee,
But I for thee an almost dead.
Hear me, dear, Rosina, lear me,
Give me on word of hope;
Hearken, dear one, dear one, hearken, Oh, let us row clope! (Plink, plak, plunk; plank, plunk, plink.)

(Pink plak, plank, plank, plank, plank, gibba, Give me one word of hope, love. Give me one word of hope; Oh, let us now elope, love Oh, let us now elope.

My butcher-cart's near by, stile down the clothes no pole.

Let us together fly.

Thou dol of my soul!

(Pinkity, plankity, plank; Plankity, plank; Plankity, plankity, plankity, plank)

Here William paused to rost his voice, And upward strain his sight, The window opened and a head Protraded in the night.

" Mein friendt," a voice was heard to say, "I hears dot songs you make, It was not goot like Sherman songs, Und it keeps me avake.

"Off course dose leedle freesky goats Avay vent long ago, Dose goa's haf more dot common sense Dan some folks dat I know.

"Und also dare haf gone away Dose girl you would impress,-Dey all moted off dose first of May Und don't leaf no address.

For me shust still to lay Und after you had sung enough Maype you go avay. " But I cannot sleep when such dings pe,

"She said ven you should come aroundt,

It drives me almost deadt; Now abust you pattern from dose golds Und pretty queeck you fiedt." Then William rose up from the rock,

"By the born-cd moon on high," He bissed out through his clenched teeth, Bill Bugshot now will die!" But William Bagshot did not die,-

His vow he did not keep,-He found a better way (for him) To drown his sorrow deep. For the next day with his butcher-cart

A fearful race he ran, And em evening came he had run down Three women and a man-

"This "plink, plank, plunk" business was done

"The foundation for a brewery was being started the immediate vicinity.

WOMAN HANDSOMELY REINFORCED. From The Washington Post.

Science comes creeping to the front and sheepishly affirms what woman's intuition discerned conturies ago. Science has been bending its back over dusty ago. Science has been bending its back over dusty volumes. It has been studying earth and air and water and disease. It has reached a conclusion which woman had practically indorsed since the beginning, to wit: That spring house-cleaning is necessary to health; that to this yearly regeneration of the house-hold gods are due the superior health and strength of civilized nations. Men hate house-cleaning because they are dull creatures and have only a regard for their present dignity. It gails a man to drink cold tea and eat a cold chop from the corner of the manicip or the kitchen pantry. A man has no imagination, his tes and eat a cold chop from the corner of the mantol or the kitchen pantry. A man has no imagination, his soul cannot override the kitchen furniture in the front hall, or bars of soap, rusty nails, and tack hammers on his library table, and picture to himself the splendor of the afterglow. But science now proclaims that dangerous disease germs, wicked and infantesimal, lurk about the habitations of man, dangers for which there is no remedy save soap and alkall and water and a woman with a towel on her head and dust broom in her hand. Science has silenced man.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

CLOSE OF THE ACADEMY-NOTES ON PAINTINGS AND PRINTS.

The sixty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design closed last evening. The result of the sales is not brilliant, and it is certainly less satisfactory than was expected. The exhibition has been a good one, and the attendance has been fair, but the sales amount to less than \$21,000.

Last year the exhibition was universally recognized as the best which the Academy had held, and yet there was a falling off in the amount of the sales, which reached only \$22,000, against \$28,000 in 1887. In 1886, 125 paintings were sold for \$27,000; in 1885, 122 were sold for \$29,000, and in 1884 the sales amounted to \$30,000 in round numbers. 1883 the receipts from the sale of pictures exceeded \$40,000. An amount nearly as large was realized in 1882. The best year, financially, in the Academy's history, was 1881, when 120 pictures brought \$42,800. In 1880 the sales amounted to \$28,000.

It will be noticed that a marked falling off in sales occurred in 1884, and this continued for the next two years. In 1887 there seemed to be some promise of a recovery, but last year the sales fell off again, and this year the story is repeated. The exhibitions of last year and this year have been the best which the Academy has held, and the results. among other lessons, teach again the impossibility of gauging merit by the money test. It is probably true that for business and other reasons there has been less picture buying in the last two years. The latter part of the present season has suffered from demoralization caused by two unsuccessful auction sales, as well as from the increased conservation of picture buyers in general.

The decision of the Buffalo committee to purchase Mr. Henry R. Poore's picture at the Prize Fund Exhibition has probably surprised no one, Poore has painted a creditable picture of "The Night of the Nativity," as the scene might actually have been before the appearance of any supernatural element. There is pothing distinctive in the scene. but the picture is one of much interest and merit and it deserves recognition as the ambitious effort of an artist of ability in a new direction. which has been bought for \$2,000, will be presented to the Buffalo International Fair Association: paintings have been sold at the Prize Fund Exhibition since the opening. Among them are: " Evening in October, D. F. Hasbrouck, \$150; " Read," Ellen K. Baker, \$150; "Phoebe," Chester Loomis, \$200; "Head," Perry Averil, \$100; "Landscape and Cattle," J. M. Hart, \$350, and Bootblacks," J. G. Brown, \$550.

The exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be the last of the season. It is unfortunate that this exhibition comes so late as to affract little attention, but the officers had the matter in their own hands. The members and some of their immediate friends find the exhibition one of extreme interest, and others might share their opinion, if exhibition visiting were inviting after the middle of May.

The Academy's recognition of American sculpture the election of Messrs, Warner and St. Gaudens was really more crediable to the Academy iself than to the Both should have been elected long since. but the point need not be pressed, now that the occasion has passed. One of the curious features of the election was the failure to make Mr. W. M. Chase an academician. Mr. Chase's high rank as an exponent "art for art's sake" has been conceded by academicians who have welcomed his pictures of late years and have made him an associate. There was certainly nothing unworthy in his portrait shown this year, and the decision to " wait a little longer" is hard to understand. It is to be regretted that the number of new associates was not large enough to include such promising painters as Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewall and Mr. Elebelberger, to go no further, and also one artist of well-established talent of a very high order, Mr. E. E. Simmons. Each artist contributed a painting of distinction to the exhibition when closed yesterday. Mr. Simmons's "Old Man and Child," although painty and hot in places, showed remarkable truth of action and tenderness of feeting. Mr. Eichelberger's " Harlem River in Winter," which was foolishly skied, will be remembered by many amateurs as one of the most sympathetic and truthful and one of the best pictures of the exhibition. Mrs. Sewall's success in her studies of figures in outdoor atmosphere and light might be called a "feature" of the exhibition. But there will be another election next year.

M. Durand-Ruel exhibits a landscape by Millet painted in 1872 for a friend. This is a large study of a hillrop and a breezy sky, where flying white clouds half conceal the rich blue. The brown hilltop, with its rocks and scanty growths of shrubs and grass. occupies only a quarter or a third of the canvas, and the rest is devoted to the luminous sky. Just beyond the crest of the hill on the right is a gray donkey, the attitude indicating the sloping of the ground on the other side of the summit. The landscape proper might be dismissed as agreeable, though a little forced in color and unreal in texture, but the picture is really a study of the sky, and the orillancy of the interpretation will be new to those who are accustomed to Millet's usual low tones. This interesting picture is accompanied by another unusual example of an artist, a battle painting by Ary Scheffer, executed under the romantic influence. This belongs to the first period of Scheffer's art, from 1819 to about 1833, a time when he often endeavored to realize the coloring of the early romanticists, and frequently chose their subjects, resorting to Byron and Danto. the Greek war, and stirring historical events picture, or rather study, shown by M. Durand-Ruel based on an impressive jucident, the kneeling of the Swiss in prayer before engaging the troops of 'harles the Bold at the battle of Morat. The latter's soldiers are gathered in the foreground in comparative shadow, forming a confused mass of lelmers, lances, banners, and outstretched swords. An open space separates them from the who are in the light, standing with SWiss! bowed heads and clasped hands or kneeling in silent prayer. The action of individual figures is indicated with sufficient clearness, but there is little more attempt at detail than in the figures of some of Dore night scenes. Nothing could be more unlike the man-ner of scheffer's third period than this summary ex-The coloring, which shows a recurrence of dull reds, is a reflection of the coloring of romanticism, but it has a force rarely present in Scheffer's later works. There is a third ploture in this gallery which exhibits an unexpected aspect of an artist's work Bargue's paintings and studies are familiar to amateurs as examples of remarkable precision and command of details, qualities notable in the oil studies and black and white drawings which have been shown here. But M. Darand-Ruel shows a head of an Italian model sketched in a broad, sweeping manner, which is anything but characteristic of Bargue. The face is comparatively finished, but there is an absence of hardness and wearying detail. The flowers of the hat are painted with perhaps an excessive care, but the bust has been dashed off in a manner summary but quite adequate. In spite of the flowers the picture has a dingy look, as if a darker ground were asserting tiself beneath the design. The merit of the picture is considerable, but its novelty will be likely to attract more attention. M. Durand-Ruel devotes an upper tiper to the

pictures of the "Impressionists," Claude Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Serret and a few others. One picture by Monet, a winter scene, is to be noted as a remarkably beautiful realization of a natural effect, and there are others worth the attention of those who can so the important truth underlying this movement. Impressionism is often guilty of ridiculous excesses, and ome of is theories are narrow and absurd, but it is an influential factor in modern art. The impressionists have taught the value of true outdoor air and light, and they have encouraged a close direct study of effects in the light of nature, of real atmospheric conditions. One result is seen in the tendency to-day to paint landscapes in a higher key than formerly and even in portraiture the same influence is apparent in an increasing luminosity. When the pictures of the impressionists were first shown here a few observers recognized the truth which they represented, despite a frequent insistance upon discordant colors, despite a frequent despite of form. A few others and an exaggerated neglect of form. A few others welcomed the pictures with undiscriminating culogy, and the majority showed an equal lack of discrimination in their wholesale condemnation. But since that time a more intelligent and discerning interest has been shown, and several collectors have begun to gather pictures by Claude Monet and by others of less force. Two amateurs of this city whose collections of the Barbigon school were admirable in quality are surrounding themselves with pictures by the "In-pressionists," and other collectors here, in Philadelphia and elsewhere have ventured to gather examples of the school of light and air. But there is no prospect that the extreme advocates of the school will see their predictions fulfilled, and other schools driven from the field. The same prediction has been made regarding every "som" of any consequence, but art is more catholic than its disciples. Yet the influence of "impressionism," so-called, is as indeniable as the influence of romanticism or of naturalism.

Even in Lendon this phase of art has made itsoif and an exaggerated neglect of form. A few others

Even in Lendon this phase of art has made itself

BABY ONE SOLID RASH.

Ugly, painful, blotched, malicious. Re rest by day, no peace by night. Doctors and all remedies failed. Tried Catioura Remedies. Effect marretions. Complote care in five weeks. Maved his life.

Our oldest child, now six years of sage, whom an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who sitempted to cure it; but it spread with amount interedible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his kness, was one solid rash ugly, painted, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at tight, so peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellets. In three or four weeks a complete que was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as chough he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies aved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O. Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

Blotches and Scabs from Head to Feet.

Blotches and Scabs from Head to Feet.

My boy, aged nine years, has been troubled all his
life with a very bad humor, which appeared all ever
his body in small red blotches, with appeared all ever
his body in small red blotches, with a write seals
on them. Last year he was works that white seals
covered with scabs from the top of his head to his
feet, and continually growing worse, although as had
been treated by two physicians. As although as had
been treated by two physicians. As although so had
been treated by two physicians. As although so had
been treated by two physicians. As
determined to try two CUTCURA REM EDIES, and an
happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using
them asocrating to directions, the humor raidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and comooth, and serforming a thorough cure. The CUTCHA REM EDIES are
all you claim for them. They are with their weight in
gold to any one troubled as my boy wis.

GEORGE P. ILEAVITY.

North Andover, Mass.

Mothers who Love their Children,

Who take pride in their beauty, purity, and health, and in beatowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish, and a bedy nourished by pure blood,—should not full to make trial of the CUTICURAL REMEDIES

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.: SOAP, 25c.: RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, to Send for " How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages.

50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials. BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Uterine Pains, Rheumaile, Sciatte, Neutaigray
Sharp, and Shooting Pains, refleved in one
minute by the Curicura Anti-Pain Plaster,

Globe," " impressionism in painting is becoming market able. Five years ago, when Mesars, Goupil held a lande Monet exhibition at their 'impressionist' house n Paris, not one was sold. At this year's exhibition they sold seven. The 'impressions' are now on view at their London house in Bond-st. There are twenty on the walls, and against each wall is a chair, where en the wais, and against each wait is a chair, whors, upon your entrance, you are requested to seat yourself. Then you look at the pictures on the wails opposite you and so round the room, till you grow thoughtful and half persuaded to become a Monetite. The painter is forty-five years of age, and lives always in the country, seeking for new effects and trying to discover some tone of light which he has not yot reproduced." A collection of old prints shown by Messrs. Wunder

lich & Co. illustrates a few phases of the history of "engravings in colors," a subject at present under dis-cussion in the "Gazette dos Beaux Arts." These prints These prints are copper-plate engravings dating back about a hundred years. They were carefully printed in flat tints and finished by hand. One reproduction of a design by Angelica Kaufman has a remarkable charm of color, and there are other interesting fac-similes representing Coquered and Demarteau after Huet. Red erayon and sepia effects are reproduced with a vividness which gives a certain decorative value readily appreciated. As a matter of fact, this quality appears to have caused a certain demand for these engravings which have reappeared in company with Louis XVI decoration. For the last few years everybody has been familiar with Louis XVI designs, and white and gold inferiors, and these colored prints contemporaneous with the original style have also returned to find a certain degree of favor. In Mr. Wunderlich's collection they are not companied by some examples of the remarkshie fac-simile engravings of Ploos van Anstel, of Amsterdam. Of the series of a hundred plates, after drawings excused by Van Anstel, only a few available fac-scuid by Van Anstel, only a few available fac-Of the series of a hundred plates, after drawings ex-ecuted by Van Anstel, only a few examples are shown at present, but the deficacy and accuracy of the work are well illustrated in specimens like the engraving of a charcoal drawing by Metsu. The dane is about 1750. The rouletts and aquatint have played the most im-portant part in this elever realization of original effects.

The exhibition of American decorative and applied art in London will be opened this week. It has been organized by Messrs. Johnstone, Norman & Co., " the organized by Messrs. Johnstone, Normal & Co. "on firm who carried out Mr. Alma Telema's wonderful furniture for Mr. Marquand," to quote "The Pail Mail Gazette." There will be textile fabrics, stained glass, wrought from, learber, first and spiral work, and also monotypes, which seem somewhat out of place. The coffection of M. Augusto Dreyfus is to be sold

in Paris the latter part of this month. In a recent number of "Figaro" M. Albert Wolff devotes considerable space to an account of this "very eclectic" collec-"One day it was a Velasques which entered this gallery and to-morrow a Melssonier. Between two landscapes by Ruysdael was hung a Theodore Rousseau of perfect beauty. Beside superb Troyons a place was made for the pictures of Van Marche; Barillot, Smithson or Otto Weber, all painters of animals. Van Goyen fraternizes on the walls with the celebrated German landscape painter, Andreas Achenbach. The collection had its Terburg, but also its Louis Leloir; its Ostade, but a Claude Lorraine lives comfortably with Jettel; the vigorous art of Courbet shines beside a valuable example of the Swiss, Benjamin Vautier, who shares with Knaus the favor of Germans, English and Americanal One sees Paul Delaroche and Bonnat, Leopold Robert and Jacquet, Robert Fleury and De Neuville, Murillo and Benjamin Constant, Snyders and Pettenkofen, Rubens and Dias, Goya and Corot. One finds in this curious gallery a certain number of pictures which curious gallery a certain number of pictures which visitors to the Palace of Industry have not forgotten. The great success of Berne Bellecour in the Salon of 1875, the "Combat of Malmaison," has been purchased by M. Dreyfus, and at the same time he bought all the remarkable studies made for this work. At the Salon of 1878 he purchased the "Bonaparte in Egypt." one of the finest of Detaille's pictures, and already, in the Salon of 1872, he had bought the "Herodias," the gruntest success of Henri Levy. In 1875 he takes from the Salon De Neuville's "Battle near Metz," as in 1873 he had become possessor of one of Vibert's best known pictures. "Departure of a Spanish Wedding Party." Heilburh's "Bagatelle," Worms's "Distracted Barber" and Adan's "Guiliver" are noted among other successful Salon pictures. M. Dreyfus had a predification for Whert's work, which is estimated to have cost him some \$70,000. "I do not fail to recognize the taient of Vibert," says M. Wolff, "but by a singular mischance the painter of cardinals is considerably better represented in American collections than in Partisian galleries. This time Vibert had found in the heart of Parts a Maccenas who shared the enthusiasm of the Yarkees for his work. Across the ocean Vibert keeps pace with Washington in the admiration of the public. You will see what will be done over these six pictures. The New-York dealers will inhow themselves fike wild animals upon this tempting prey, and the six pictures by Vibert will leave France forever." visitors to the Palace of Industry have not forgotten.

"The Pall Mail Gazette" says: " Although the justice and policy of according 404 yards of line space to the American Art Department-more than is given to any other nation-by the Paris Exhibition authorities may be called into question, the fact may be welcomed, as it will for the first time give Englishmen an oppos tunity of studying American art as a whole. very few artists of the first rank are known here at very lew artists of the first rank are known here at all, apart from the colony of whom Messrs, Millet, Abbey, Whistler, and Alexander Harrison are prominent members, as well as Mr. Chase, Mr. Innes, and one or two others. Sir Counts Lindsay might do worse than secure the loan of the collection on bloc for next autumn's Grosvonor Gallery. There is no doubt than it would receive a hearty welcome and full apprecia-tion here.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S TOILET.

HER DAUGHTER SOON TO "COME OUT."

From The London Star.

It takes the Princess of Wales two hours to dress every day. Despite her increase in years, there are courtiers who doelare that she looks handsomer than when she first arrived in England, and they take as the reason the fact that the style of dress suits her so much better than what is now considered the dowly dress of a quarter of a century ago. Nobody knows where the Princess gets her gowns from. It is generally supposed that her maid makes them from parterns supplied. However, the Princess cannot pose as a leader of fashion except to women of a certain age. For instance, she cannot wear the gaudy flower-crowned hats that are coming into seven this spring, and yet these hats will be what is known as "fashionable" invertheless. Who makes those pretty fringes! Some say that her barber shifts his lodgings every week. Others declare that make it up. From The London Star.

shifts his longings overy
this halrdresser supplies the material, and that a make
makes it up.

A "Star" reporter tracked this hairdresser to a street
in the West end, and there lost all trace of him. Really
the Princess of Wales has very little hair. It amounts
to nothing more than what women know as a "wisp."
As Sandringham there is a room just like a huge halter's shop. All around it are little recoptacles, varied by pier glasses, and these receptacles contain
the hats and bonpots of the Princess and her husband!
When she is at home she wears two or three different
hats every day, but she always wears a bonnet when
out visiting. For a princess her bonnets should not
be considered extravagant. She generally gives about
30s, for a hat or bonnet, not at all an extravagant
price, when one can see the dowdiest of bonnets at
some of the so-called society milliners' in Bond-sh
marked at three or four guineas each. But the Princess of Wales certainly has the faculty of dressing
neatly; and women who are next are seldom expensive in taste.

sive in taste.

It is the young Princesses who will pose as leaders of fashion shortly, until they are married. It was not not, lately that they attained the dignity of "dressing" at all—that is, dressing in a woman's sense of the at all—that is, dressing in a woman's sense of the word as opposed to a girl's. In fact they were quite dowdy in the simplicity of their costumes until po-ple began to remark on it. Now they are a little